

# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND  
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~  
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE  
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR  
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS  
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~  
THE AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 53

No. 12

MAY, 1921

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Photo by W. T. Kiderley

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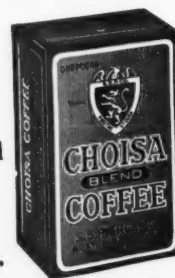
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# Our Dumb Animals

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The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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No. 12

## THE PRESIDENT'S ENDORSEMENT

KNOWING of President Harding's fondness for animals we wrote him a little time ago telling him about "Be Kind to Animals Week," a movement which was set on foot by *Our Dumb Animals*, and is now celebrated in every State of the Union. We asked him if he would be willing to send us a letter expressing his sympathy with this "Be Kind to Animals Week" idea, and are happy to print the following as his reply:

WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
March 23, 1921

My dear Dr. Rowley:

Responsive to your request, I am very glad to record my endorsement and sympathy with this movement to secure more humane treatment to defenseless animal life. I know something of the good work that organizations such as your own have accomplished in this direction, and hope their field of usefulness may be further extended.

Very truly yours,  
(Signed) WARREN G. HARDING

FOR every dollar the people of the United States put into savings banks, they put six into war's "bottomless pit."

OUT of every 100 cents the Government takes from us in taxes it spends 92 to pay past, present, and future war bills.

THE meat consumption per capita in this country for 1920 was less than 56½ pounds. Ten years ago it was 78 pounds per capita. This is most encouraging.

TWENTY thousand children under fourteen annually killed by accident in the United States! This is the report of the Red Cross. Who kills them? For the most part, the criminally careless.

MASSACHUSETTS has been the first to introduce a bill into its legislature to prohibit the exhibition of trained animals. But now comes this from London: A bill to prohibit performances by trained animals, promoted by the National Canine Defence League, is to be introduced into Parliament.

## THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

By His Excellency CHANNING H. COX,  
Governor

### A PROCLAMATION

Inasmuch as the week, beginning April 11, 1921, is to be generally observed throughout the United States as BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK, and Sunday, April 17, has been designated as HUMANE SUNDAY, and, particularly in view of the fact that Massachusetts gave to the world George Thorndike Angell, the stalwart pioneer of humane education,

I therefore, proclaim the week of April 11 to 16, 1921, as

### BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK

and Sunday, April 17, as HUMANE SUNDAY, and ask all citizens of the Commonwealth to consider the just claims upon us for compassion of the beasts of farm and field and forest and the birds of the air. I especially commend to our teachers the recognition of Humane Day in Schools, Friday, April 15, and that, so far as practicable, special exercises be held in which the children be encouraged to participate. I suggest also that our churches emphasize on Humane Sunday, April 17, the nobility of a character which is filled with the spirit of kindness and good will toward animal life.

CHANNING H. COX  
By His Excellency the Governor

FREDERIC W. COOK,  
Secretary of the Commonwealth

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

THE average American eats about six pounds of mutton and lamb a year. In Great Britain the per capita consumption of mutton and lamb is seven times as great. So the Department at Washington reports.

SEVENTEEN great battleships under way in our country, to cost considerably over half a billion, and military experts declaring that the battleship, now that the aeroplane is in evidence, is as "helpless as the armored knight" was when firearms came into the field against him.

## THEN AND NOW

THREE years ago the Great War was shaking the foundations of the world. Men were saying—some men—"Where is now thy God?" But it was not hard then for the most of us to hold to our faith. The problem did not seem difficult. The world had defied the moral universe, had set up the golden calf of self and greed, had held high carnival, and, then, suddenly had rolled within the sweep of the mills of the gods—the eternal gods of righteousness and truth and justice. These mills began to grind. We said "cause and effect, seedtime and harvest, the wind and the whirlwind." We thought we understood it. It was all going to be justified by a world new-born out of the night of unutterable retribution.

The armistice was signed. Alas, the world that was caught between the upper and nether millstones of the moral order seems to have been crushed too fine to be remade again. Where is the good will between the nations which was to mark the golden age—when, chastened by war, mankind should glory in a common brotherhood? When, as even we then boasted, "Humanity should be above all nations"? When to be 100 per cent American meant self-denial or even death, if need be, to save a world beyond ourselves? Where sits today that dreamed-of group of statesmen, done with secret diplomacy, done with the eager hunger for place and power and control of the markets of the earth?

Never through the war did the whole seething turmoil of things look so without plan or purpose as does this confused and turbid whirl of opposing and contending forces now calling itself Europe. No wonder the faith not founded on the rock is swaying to and fro and wondering in the darkness whether this be God's world or the Devil's.

Civilization after civilization has gone down into the pit. But faith has not died. It has always emerged with clearer vision and more radiant hope. So shall it yet again. We, too, we of this modern world, may vanish into the night like the empires of the past, and leave not a wrack behind of all our busy, rushing life. But what of that? This still is the faith of some of us, that "through the ages one eternal purpose runs," and that truth and right and love do now sit somewhere the crowned masters of the world.



# 178,750 MEMBERS IN THE JACK LONDON CLUB

## PERFORMING ANIMALS IN LONDON

GAIN for last month, 2,657.

SEE what is said about performing animals in London.

THE trick animal performance is doomed. It's a thing facing the wrong way.

TO join this Club all you have to do is to agree to do the one thing that London says will finally banish these performances from the stage, viz., get up and go out of the theater during that part of the program. Will you do it? If so, send us your name.

It is hoped all members of the Club, before purchasing tickets at any theater or place of public amusement where performing animals are ever exhibited, will ask if any such features are on the program, refusing to purchase tickets if the answer is in the affirmative.

When leaving any place because of an animal performance always let the management know why you are leaving or going out during that part of the performance, or write a letter to the management after returning home.

### READ JACK LONDON'S "MICHAEL BROTHER OF JERRY"

A COPY OF THE BOOK FREE AS A PRIZE FOR THREE ONE-DOLLAR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO *Our Dumb Animals*, ALSO FOR ONE HUNDRED NEW NAMES TO THE CLUB. Forty-seven copies of the book have already been given as prizes; several of these to schools. The volume will be mailed, post free, to any address upon receipt of price, one dollar.

The "Foreword" to Jack London's Book, "Michael Brother of Jerry" Which Led Us a Year and a Half Ago to Found the Jack London Club

We have had many requests to print this in *Our Dumb Animals*. We have it in pamphlet form, published by permission of The Macmillan Company, New York.

If you ever loved a dog, read this "Foreword" from Jack London's "Michael Brother of Jerry." Then read the book.

The book is fascinating, startling, strong. It deals with a great cruelty. It tells us how we may stop it.

### THE JACK LONDON CLUB

is built on it. Will you join it? No dues. Just send us your name and the names of as many as will agree to do what London suggests in the last paragraph.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS  
180 Longwood Avenue  
Boston, Mass.

### O for a Thousand Such Members

One Jack London Club member writes us: "I find I can meet the Boy Scouts on Friday, and I shall want more Jack London Club posters. I am taking up the work with the various educational bodies in town, aside from a general house-to-house canvass." (Think of that.) "I am doing some advertising and considerable talking, and hope to be able to increase the Club membership by a good many during the month."



Photo by International Film Co.

### CHIMPANZEE FAMILY FROM WEST AFRICA

Now in England with their captor and trainer, John Black. Each member of the family has undergone intensive training

### A Theater to be Commended

No theater in Boston has a higher class of patronage than the Exeter Street. Our attention was called recently to the exhibition of a motion picture given there in which an ape, by his remarkable performances, was supposed to furnish amusement. We wrote the manager, telling of the Jack London Club and of the cruelties connected with the training of performing animals and the sorry life they led in captivity.

It is with great pleasure that we give our readers the reply, in part, of the manager: "I assure you that I will not show any more of these comedies unless you notify me that they are the proper thing to show, as there is no one who loves animals more than I, or who would protest more vigorously against any suggestion of their ill treatment. I thank you for calling my attention to an unintentional oversight on my part."

This will be pleasant reading to all members of the Jack London Club and indeed to all lovers of animals.

### From a London Editor

It is little to the credit of the intelligence of the amusement-seeking public that there have been two large circuses in London this winter giving performances of trained animals, and particularly so that all such circuses are usually arranged to coincide with the school holiday period.

It is almost incomprehensible, and indeed only to be accounted for by an utter lack of imagination, that people who would indignantly deny any imputation of cruelty will, nevertheless, take young children to see un-

fortunate captive animals perform the same old deadly monotony of unnatural tricks.

Some space has recently been devoted in *The Daily Graphic* to this question, and Mr. C. B. Cochran, the well-known theatrical producer, and also Mr. Joyce, secretary of the Variety Artistes' Federation, have stated their views. Doubtless both these gentlemen quite honestly hold these views, but they must necessarily by their profession be somewhat biased—they take the showman's point of view. They contend that, generally speaking, the training is not accomplished by cruelty, but, as a matter of fact, it is open to doubt whether the preliminary training of animal "turns" comes very much within the sphere of either—what they see is the finished article. For instance, can Mr. Cochran say, from actual observation, how the preliminary training of his dancing collies was conducted? We read that he brought them back from a recent trip to America, and we venture to suggest that, on the question of the actual details of the training of those dogs he is as ignorant as any casual member of his audience.

But quite apart from individual cases, there is the great fact to be remembered that it is not only a question of the tricks, but that the whole life of the performing animal is unnatural. Even if cruelty in training, or during performance, could be wholly eliminated—and this is impossible, the tricks in themselves often being painful—there still arises the question of how and where these animals are kept between performances.

Consider the sea-lion, that most wonderfully intelligent animal; its usual home is a cage and a water tank in the dark behind the stage; there it stays all the week, except for

the brief time it is performing. On Saturday night, or early on Sunday morning, it is shut up in a much smaller traveling cage—very often on the railway all day on Sunday—then to its dark home at the back of another theater for another week's performance. Anyone who has heard a sea-lion crying unhappily on being shut into its traveling cage on Saturday night, preparatory to another long and dreary journey, will have no doubt left of the undesirable—to use no stronger word—conditions of life which are the fate of the performing animal. Here, above and beyond all question of cruelty in training, is the incontrovertible fact that the conditions of life for such animals are in themselves cruel.

Mr. Voyce makes the extremely gratifying admission that "these busybodies" (meaning thereby those who actively object to these sad performances) "have been the means of driving several performers out of the profession altogether. They are now without any means of subsistence or have gone to other acts in very subordinate positions."

In other words, these people having been stopped, presumably for good and proven reasons, from exploiting the intelligence of their sub-human dependents in order to gain a comfortable livelihood, find that when this support is removed and they are thrown upon the resources of their own intellect, it is not sufficient, unaided, to keep them in affluence. Watch almost any animal performance—the human takes the applause and the money, but the animal does the work.

#### From the *London Times*

"We believe that cruelty lies behind nearly all the public performances of domestic and wild animals—cruelty so great that it is doubtful if most of them should be tolerated."

#### THE ZOO

WALT MASON

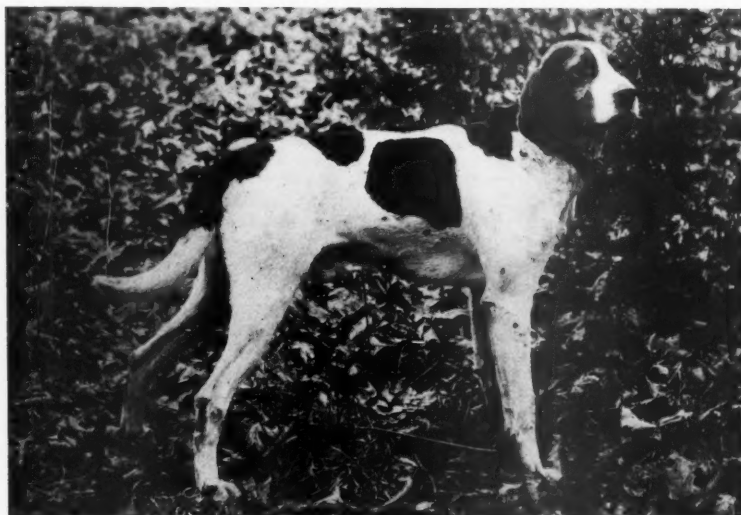
Copyright by George Matthew Adams

**I** SOMETIMES go to see the zoo, where shelf-worn Bruin rages, and moldy lions, grim and blue, look forth from rusty cages. And there are wolves from forests dark and monkeys ten or seven, and weary critters howl and bark and send their wails to heaven. All day they pace the sodden floor (save when the keepers feed 'em), and stick their noses through the door and yearn and yelp for freedom. They're dreaming of the jungles deep where once they gayly gamboled, or of the mountains wild and steep where in their youth they scrambled. They're thinking of the forest dense, of wood lore strange and clever; and now behind an iron fence they're doomed to pace forever. No more for these unhappy beasts the hunting call and rally; no more for them the outlaw feasts in desert, swamp, or valley. No more in some vast silent land will their swift feet be racing, and idle human beings stand and watch their tireless pacing. We've put these sad-eyed beasts in jail, without a writ or warrant, in musty cages foul and stale, with atmosphere abhorrent. They did not booze or beat their wives or do some speed-law sinning; they merely tried to live their lives as planned in the beginning. And now the poor moth-eaten wrecks behind the bars must languish, that idle, snooping rubbernecks may view their endless anguish.

So you graduated from a barber college? What is your college yell?"

"Cut his lip, cut his jaw, leave his face raw, raw, raw!"

—*Florida Times-Union*



"OLD LIMBER," OWNED BY GOVERNOR TAYLOR OF TENNESSEE

#### MY DOG

WILLIAM THOMPSON

*O DEATH, thou symbol of the end!  
Who comes to glean my only friend—  
In life how brave and true and free,  
My dog, my comrade, was to me.*

*A song of sorrow rends my heart—  
And with the song there comes a dart  
To wound too deep to ever heal  
The longing for my dog I feel.*

*They scoff who never knew the grief  
That finds in time no true relief,  
Life's candle flickers to the end—  
And then I to the symbol bend.*

*And as I wander through the space  
That shrouds the unknown spirit face,  
Perhaps she may be waiting me  
In some unknown eternity.*

#### FROM CARE OF TWO PIGS TO CARE OF EIGHT THOUSAND YOUTHS

**T**HE new president of Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, tells of his start in college life through attention to two orphan pigs, says the *Journal of Education*:—"I accepted the little squealers gratefully," continued Dr. Walter Scott, "and the first thing I did was to milk our best Jersey cow and give each little fellow a bottle of milk. I continued to feed them with a nursing bottle until they were old enough to eat Illinois corn. Our family lived near Bloomington, Illinois, the finest corn region in the world, and I easily fattened my two pets. Later I traded the two hogs for a calf, and after feeding the calf for a time I made an impression on a fellow farmer, who owned a well-bred colt, and I swapped the heifer for that colt.

"I did my best with the fiery, high-stepping barefoot. She was mettlesome and could get over the country roads in front of a buggy at a three-minute clip. I sold her for \$175, and, with the money in my pocket, I told my mother I was ready to start for college. I bought a ticket for Chicago and I decided to make an effort to get into Northwestern University. That effort was successful, and I have been with or at Northwestern a great deal of the time since."

#### THE STORY OF "OLD LIMBER"

JAMES D. BURTON

**O**LD LIMBER" is perhaps the most widely known dog in Tennessee. He belongs to Governor Alph Taylor, whose home, "Happy Valley," is in the beautiful Unaka Mountains of East Tennessee.

The Governor and his dog are fond of mountain climbing and outdoor life. The Governor is seventy-two and his dog is nine years old. "But we are no older than we feel," says Governor Taylor, "and Old Limber and I have not as yet felt any of the symptoms of old age. We can climb the mountains and hold out longer than my sons and their dogs. I used this as an illustration of my fitness for the governorship of the old Volunteer State.

"My five boys," continued Governor Taylor, "are very fond of dogs. I don't think it is any reflection upon the business ability of a man because of the fact that he is fond of dogs. I like men who are fond of dogs, and who love to commune with nature. The bark of Old Limber, echoing across the hills, is the sweetest music that I ever listened to."

The present Governor is a brother to the late United States Senator, Robert L. Taylor, of Tennessee. Twenty years ago the two brothers were opposing candidates for the office of Governor of Tennessee. They were fond of flowers, wearing roses in the lapel of their coats in the campaign, which was known as "The War of the Roses," Robert L. Taylor, democrat, wearing the white rose, and Alph Taylor, republican, wearing the red rose. The white rose triumphed, and the defeated brother retired to private life at "Happy Valley," where he came in possession of Old Limber. He became warmly attached to his dog, and now, after a silence of twenty years, he has been elected Governor, and enters upon his duties wearing the red rose and telling of his friendship for Old Limber.

"The faithful dog is being well cared for," says the Governor, "in a good home in East Tennessee, and gets three square meals a day. He would not be contented in the city. He wants to remain at 'Happy Valley,' in his native mountain environment. He's the greatest dog that ever lived."

"Blessed are the merciful."

## MULES IN THE WORLD WAR

JOSEPH R. SCHADEL

THE poor, despised army mule, whose dynamite-like disposition and active hind legs have won him such an objectionable reputation, was just as efficient in his own little capacity as any other functionary of the late World War.

Many a dark night near the front, when shelling started in our vicinity, the unfortunate mules were often subjected to very disagreeable conditions, in some cases receiving such wounds as to necessitate shooting them before we resumed our march to the front lines. On some nights, when the enemy was unusually active with his artillery, my company lost as many as eleven head of horses and mules during a single barrage.

In some instances I have observed remarkable intelligence displayed by mules.

One afternoon in a small patch of woods, where my company was temporarily quartered, the inevitable shelling started with a reality that made us think of home. A small French village lay to our right and in there the barrage had begun, gradually creeping toward our vicinity and jeopardizing a group of helpless mules that belonged to an artillery outfit. The poor animals seemed to scent the danger, for their ears twitched and they grew restless.

Unfortunately, a shell screeched into their midst and burst. I watched, anxiously, to see if any fell, but not a mule went down.

After a series of jumps and leaps, as they were tied, one little fellow seemed to have got loose and trotted over toward another member of the company and myself. When he reached us he stopped before us and looked straight into our eyes as though pleading for aid. We examined his wounds and found that he had received shrapnel injuries about the neck, right side, and ears, his halter having been severed by a fragment of shrapnel.

We appreciated the animal's intelligence and led him to our regimental surgeon, who dressed his wounds in plenty of bandages. Later in the day I saw the little fellow grazing in a field and munching grass as coolly as though nothing unusual had occurred, his long ears bobbing around in the white bandages. The next day my company moved from the woods, and I often wondered what became of the wounded mule.

Like our indefatigable war horses, the hard-working little mules were on the job whenever there was real labor to be accomplished, and, aside from an occasional spell of stubborn balkiness, they performed their duties with satisfaction.



TOILERS OF THE TOW-PATH

## "Old Fly" and Her Friends

A Story for Memorial Day

ANNE ACTON WELBORN

OLD FLY" felt very proud as she stood under the large oak-tree in front of Bethesda church. She was bedecked in flags and received much attention from the assembling crowd. It was Memorial Day. The farmers and their families and many from the village three miles away had come to decorate the graves of the soldiers who had fought in the Civil War.

Near by stood "Old Nell," who belonged to the undertaker and postmaster of the village. She was hitched to the family buggy, for this was many years ago, before the time of automobiles.

The old soldiers were forming in line, and the children were ready with their baskets of flowers to march to the cemetery just back of the church. The band from the village had begun to play.

"Where is 'Buffalo Bill'?" asked Old Fly, anxiously. "His master, the doctor, never fails to come and bring the children. I look forward to this day when I can greet my friends."

"Listen, I think I hear Buffalo Bill's friendly nicker," answered Old Nell. "Yes, they are coming up the hill. Buffalo Bill sees us; he is coming this way."

"Whoa, Bill," said the doctor, as they reached the oak-tree. "We are late, children. Anne, you and Helen take the flowers and get into line. They are ready to march to the cemetery. Anne, you must help with the singing. Boys, be quiet during the services."

They all hurried to join the crowd. Buffalo Bill looked enviously at Old Fly. "I think we should be decorated with flags, too, for our masters both fought in the Civil War. My master was very young when he enlisted, and because of his knowledge of medicine he was put in the Regimental Hospital."

"Yes," replied Old Nell, "my master was wounded at the battle of Shiloh, and his friend who is with him today (he calls him Mack) carried him off the battle-field and saved his life."

"Well," boasted Old Fly, proudly, "I am known as the war horse. My master and I served in the First Indiana Cavalry, and I was ridden by him in every battle in which the regiment was engaged. How well I remember the day my master rode me away! I was a young horse then, scarcely five years old. How eagerly I galloped off, not knowing where I was going! We were in many battles

together, neither of us receiving a wound, but we endured many hardships. I could not have stood these hardships if my master had not been so kind to me. I can never forget the roar of the cannon and the flying of shot near us. It was dreadful to see horses shot down and left on the field of battle, though some were not dead. I sometimes think I can hear their pitiful moans. I have heard that all the horses that were seriously wounded were shot after the battle was over that they might be relieved of their suffering, and those that had only been slightly wounded were taken back to camp where they were given attention. I feel sad when I think of so much suffering." Old Fly sighed deeply.

Buffalo Bill and Old Nell had heard this story many times, but they listened patiently. There was silence for a few moments.

"I see the doctor with his children coming. They have finished decorating the graves," remarked Buffalo Bill.

"I see my master with three of his girls and his friend who saved his life on the battle-field," said Old Nell.

Old Fly was sad. "We shall have to part, perhaps I shall never see you again. I am old, very old, my master says. If it were not for his kind treatment and good care I would not be living now. How thankful we should be that we have such kind masters. It is said a bad-tempered man makes a bad-tempered horse, and it is true."

The conversation ceased; the doctor and his children were getting in the buggy.

Old Fly watched them drive away.

"I hope the children will be as kind to their horses as were their fathers. How glad I was to see Buffalo Bill and Old Nell! They are full of life yet; I am old, I may never see them again. My master is coming."

"Old Fly, my good old comrade," said her master as he untied the hitching strap, "we are the first to come and the last to leave. A good dinner of oats is waiting for you." With a joyful whinny Old Fly rubbed her nose against her master's face.

## REFUGE IN CAPTIVITY

ELEANOR CLEVELAND BARTLETT

NOT many years ago in the mountainous regions of Kentucky, a gentleman owned a large estate. It had been his fancy to raise deer, and he procured a few pairs and allowed them to be happy and multiply. When the owner of this estate died, the property went to a distant relative, who decided it was not profitable to keep the deer, and wrote to the caretaker to turn them out into the surrounding mountains. This was done one bright spring morning. It was a happy herd of beautiful creatures that went forth rejoicing, led by sagacious old stags. In a few short months the caretaker saw standing before the gates a remnant of that beautiful herd asking admission. They had been so harried by dogs and hunted by man that they had returned to captivity as their only refuge.

THE Charleston (S. C.) American issued a "Humane Supplement" during the week of April 11.

Photo by Dr. Pardoe



## SPRING COLORS

F. R. JEROME

## SPRING waked to see:

*Swift cardinals all ruby plumed—**Blue ripples of the bluebird's wing—**The orioles all golden groomed—**Wrens brown as twigs on which they swing.*

## And quietly:

*She limned on field, in silent glade,**The blue and brown, the ruby, gold,**Of birds that carol unafraid**Of you and me, and all the world.*

## BIRD BILLS IN PARLIAMENT

FLORENCE H. SUCKLING

VISCOUNTESS Astor, as M. P. for Plymouth, is one of the birds' champions in the House of Commons. Presiding at a lecture given by Mr. Denear, in the Theatre of the Society of Arts, on March 8, she said:

"A vast majority of people was behind those who were protesting against the iniquities of the plumage trade. In the House of Commons, it was only members interested in the trade, either directly or through their constituencies, who obstructed the Bill." Mr. Denear said that many found it hard to believe that 35,000,000 skins had been imported to gratify a whim of fashion. In America, the plumage protection laws were passed only just in time. England lagged behind, but an act of Parliament was necessary, not only to save beautiful birds, but also for the sake of preserving food relations with India and the crown colonies.

Earl Buxton, presiding at the thirtieth annual meeting of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, on March 9, said that the important part that the small birds played in the balance of economy of nature was not fully realized. In Egypt, they discovered, when it was almost too late, the useful work the egret did in checking the ravages of the cotton worm.

Vigorous efforts will be made in the coming session to pass the plumage bill, and also a bill for the protection of performing animals.

Romsey, England

## STEFANSSON ON THE ZOO

IN a recent letter to a correspondent of *Our Dumb Animals*, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the distinguished explorer and lecturer, thus expresses his sentiments about the demand for the zoo:

"I sympathize entirely with your point of view in regard to animals that are kept in confinement. A few of them seem to enjoy it, and in such cases there can be no objection, but most of the animals are obviously uncomfortable and presumably unhappy in zoological gardens and other places of confinement.

"I do not suppose that anything can be done to stop the practice, however, unless people begin gradually to see the situation from another point of view. As long as people want to have these animals where they can be exhibited, the demand will doubtless be supplied. That anyone can enjoy seeing animals wretched in confinement is as surprising as it is deplorable from the point of view of some of the rest of us."

## The Brown Thrasher, Missionary Bird

WINTHROP PACKARD

Secretary of the Massachusetts Audubon Society

THE pioneers of old colonial days in the Dorchester Back Woods had a legend to the effect that the brown thrasher was once called the missionary bird, because he had converted Old Caesar. Lacking book knowledge, perhaps, but wise in wood lore,

in his boat a little way and began to fish. And as he fished there came a brown thrasher to the near-by birch top and sang; and these were the words which Old Caesar, with his guilty conscience stirred, thought he heard him sing:



BROWN THRASHER AND YOUNG

Photo by L. W. Brownell

the pioneers had set the music of many of the birds to words. For instance, they translated the robin's morning love song—that reiterated, insistent carol of four brief phrases fairly hurled from a thousand topmost twigs at dawn, into a derisive comment on the country doctor:

"Kill him, cure him, give him physic"

they said he sang, and anyone who will listen with an ear for rhythm and just a wee bit of imagination on any spring morning will be interested to note how well the words fit the song.

So they fitted the brown thrasher's song to words, making due note of the double phrasing of this, our most brilliant New England singer. They gave it like this, calling the thrasher a grain thief and saying that he sang not only to notify the farmer when it was time to sow, but also what he, the thrasher, would do with it after it was sown, as follows:

"Jeremy, Jeremy,

Sow your wheat, sow your wheat,

Plough it, plough it,

Plant it, plant it,

Pull it up, pull it up,

Eat it."

But the missionary bird story had a rather different version of the song. Old Caesar was a Negro slave, a well-treated old colored man, as one likes to think all the old-time Negro slaves were here in the land of abolition; a well-behaved servant, too, but notorious in those puritanical days for one bad habit. He would go fishing on Sunday. His orthodox master berated him for this and often warned him who and what would get him, according to the old-time theology, if he did not mend his ways, but somehow he could not seem to do this.

One pleasant May morning, after a special lecture on Satan and Sabbath-breakers, he, nevertheless, slipped away down behind the barn to the little lake, rowed out from shore

"Caesar, Caesar,  
Go to church, go to church,  
Fishy fisher, fishy fisher,  
Devil catch you!"

Caesar stopped his fishing, aghast. Nothing like this had ever happened to him. He listened, and the brown thrasher sang it over and over again. Whereupon he caught up his oars, rowed ashore, rushed up to the house, got into his good clothes and hurried to church, a little bit late, but safe. Therefore, they called the brown thrasher the missionary bird because he converted Old Caesar, who was never known to go fishing on Sunday again.

Whether this be true or not, or whether it is one of those farm-hand folk tales which are so common in backwoods districts, I cannot say, but it is certain that the brown thrasher is a wonderful singer and also one of the most useful of our insect-eating birds. He loves sprout land and will nest wherever shrubbery is plentiful. Berry pastures bordering water are also a delight to him, and there he may always be found in May and June, conspicuous alike for his fox-brown coloring, his post on some topmost twig when singing, and his varied, loud, and brilliant song.

## THE GOLDEN ORIOLE

MABEL DEAN

FROM the high tree-top, while the morning's new,

A rolling note, round, full and true,  
The oriole tunes to the sun's clear light,—  
The golden song of the May-time bright.

The yellow May-buds to the light unfold,  
But they've no voice, their joy is untold,  
Till the oriole sings, and a note of gold  
To the great round golden sun is rolled.

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

MAY, 1921

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

### A CHURCH FOR ANIMAL RIGHTS

MANY of our readers have doubtless read of the founding in New York City, by Mr. Royal Dixon, of the "First Church for Animal Rights." This new venture into the ecclesiastical world, or world of churches, sects, creeds, and denominations, came into being in the parlors of the Hotel Astor, Sunday, March 13.

Among its declared purposes are the following: "To champion the cause of animal rights." Good. "To develop the character of youth through humane education." Excellent. "To train and send forth humane workers." Commendable. "To act as the spiritual fountain-head and spokesman of humane organizations and animal societies and give a better understanding of their work and need to the public."

Heaven forbid that we should array ourselves against any honest effort of any sincere man to lessen the amount of animal suffering or deepen the claim of animal life for justice and kindness. But why bring the whole cause of animal welfare into dispute with multitudes of sane and educated people, lovers of animals and contributors to animal societies, by calling a humane organization a "church"? Why increase the already too widely prevailing opinion that our animal societies and humane education societies are founded on sentimentalism and moist emotionalism instead of on justice and compassion? Why give the enemy the chance to launch his shaft of ridicule, the one weapon he always resorts to when occasion is offered? These were the questions we put to Mr. Dixon in an interview of recent date.

### MRS. JAMES SPEYER

THE cause of humanity, in the broadest sense, has lost an untiring friend and champion in Mrs. James Speyer, who died the latter part of February. Mrs. Speyer was not only a lover of animals, guarding their welfare in many ways, the founder and builder of the Animal Hospital in Lafayette Street, New York, her home city, but members of working girls' clubs, inmates of hospitals, and other groups of those needing a generous friend, will miss her constant ministrations in their behalf. A letter received from her only a few days before the end came, dictated in her sick room, was fragrant with the same cheerful spirit of hope and good-will which characterized her in her days of health.

### BACK TO THE HORSE

THE motor-truck and traction people advertise to the contrary, but according to reports, the trend on farms where gas and steam have been used is back to the horse. Note the following from a letter in the *New York Sun* for February 17:—

"The Noble Foundation, Limited, operating more than 30,000 acres of land near Nobleford, Alberta, Canada, reports that in double disking and harrowing, when conditions were particularly favorable for tractor use, they found it cost 42 cents per acre to do the work with horses, 60 cents per acre with steam tractors, and 70 cents per acre with gas tractors, even without taking into account depreciation, and that had depreciation been figured in the difference would have been much more in favor of horses."

"It is also interesting to note in this connection that in the Canadian Northwest farmers have found tractors much more expensive of operation than horses and are reinstating horse-drawn equipment just as rapidly as they can secure good horses."

In this connection here is the testimony of a few who know:

The United States Trucking Corporation New York (3,200 horses and 300 auto trucks): "Our experience justifies us in figuring the cost of a truck as one-third more than the corresponding cost for a horse-drawn vehicle."

Knickerbocker Ice Company (with about 1,000 horses in the city): "Long experience shows us that horses are more economical and reliable. They are indispensable in our transportation business."

J. M. Horton Ice Cream Company (350 horses and 60 trucks): "In the winter, the cost of truck delivery is prohibitive, but even under ordinary conditions, our operating costs are all in favor of horses."

Frank L. Hall Company, Bakers, Buffalo: "We are using 99 horses and eight one-ton trucks. We find that no auto trucks can compete with the horse in first cost, time, upkeep, or depreciation."

General Baking Company: "Our city delivery is cheaper with horses than with auto trucks. With the reduction in the cost of feed and hay, I see an expansion and economy in horse delivery in many other lines of business in the future."

Every family in America will be indirectly benefited by the reduction of retail operating costs. When the ice man, the coal man, the milk man, the grocery man, the butcher, the baker, or anyone else, covers his delivery routes with automobiles, the American family pays the bill for such needless extravagance.

### BULL-DOGGING IN IOWA

IT seems incredible that in so civilized a state as Iowa exhibitions of bull-dogging shows should be permitted. A photograph lies before us of one of these wild west performances where the steers are being chased by men on motorcycles. This was in Mason City. There must be enough good people in Iowa to stop these cruel "amusements" if they would wake up.

MORE than twice as many calves are being slaughtered now for food as in 1913, approximately 9,500,000.

NEW ZEALAND'S laws forbid all moving pictures portraying scenes of robbery, murder, and suicide.

### PRIZE-FIGHTING FOR CHARITY

WE are grateful that Boston has apparently escaped the shame of a prize-fight, arranged for by women, in the interests of charity. It seemed incredible when we first heard of it, but as a friend said to us recently, "Anything is credible these days." With reference to an exhibition of this nature given a few weeks ago in Madison Square Garden, New York, a writer in the *New York Herald* says:

"It is to be sincerely hoped that the women who witnessed that fight have, in the language of the street, had enough. We scoff at the bull-fights of Spain and Mexico, but, considering the pretensions of the promoters of the Madison Square Garden fight, bull-fighting in comparison seems fairly respectable."

"If there is a phrase in our language short of 'the melting pot' which is being overworked, it is 'red-blooded men.' Have you any record of the number of prize-fighters who got to the front and went over the top in the late war? I understand that some of them were drawing pay as ship carpenters."

"With such high-class patronage we may soon expect half the school-boys to go into training for prize-fighters."

### THOSE NEWTON CENTER GIRLS

A VERY delightful entertainment was given in Newton Center, Mass., March 12, by the Newton Center Band of Mercy Club. The program consisted of a brief address by Dr. Rowley, president of our Societies, who had been invited to speak, two recitations, a Band of Mercy song, and "A Prologue and Two Plays," one a cast of "Tom Sawyer," the other a cast of "Little Miss Van Winkle." The members of the Club displayed their efficiency not only in presenting excellently the plays and other features in which they took part, but in securing advertisements for their program, and in obtaining the various things necessary for making their entertainment a fine success. Nearly two hundred were in attendance. The proceeds, amounting to forty-two dollars, have been given to the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. This is the second contribution from this remarkable Club.

### PLEASE NOTE

WE shall be glad to furnish without charge copies of Dr. Rowley's Omaha Address on Humane Slaughtering to any who will distribute them with care. Help us arouse the public to the unnecessary cruelties of the slaughter-house.

JUST to save a cat from a burning building in Philadelphia last month, John Guianne risked his life. Fellow-firemen brought him and the cat to safety, both overcome with the smoke.

THE Presbyterian is the first church in this country officially to recognize and endorse Humane Sunday. We trust that in many of the 9,600 churches of this denomination, on April 17, the Bible injunction, "Open thy mouth for the dumb," was heeded. Now let the other denominations, Protestant, Catholic, and Hebrew, great and small, adopt Humane Sunday.





Founded by George T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

#### Prosecuting Officers in Boston

Telephone (Complaints, Ambulance) Brookline 6100

L. WILLARD WALKER, Chief Officer  
HARRY L. ALLEN WALTER B. POPE  
HARVEY R. FULLER DAVID A. BOLTON  
THEODORE W. PEARSON AMBROSE F. NOWLIN  
WILLIAM ENOS

#### MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated	720
Animals examined	5,377
Number of prosecutions	24
Number of convictions	23
Horses taken from work	129
Horses humanely destroyed	62
Small animals humanely destroyed	340

#### Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals examined	39,184
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed	131

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$2,500 (in part) from the Estate of Sarah D. Magill of Springfield; \$1,500 from Sarah C. Townsend of Milton; and \$184.20 from Mrs. Belle L. Boutwell of Lyndeboro, N. H.

It has received gifts of \$500 from "Anonymous"; \$200 from Mrs. E. C.; \$100 each from Miss H. R. H., and E. C.; \$55.50 from Mrs. S. H. K.; \$50 each from Mrs. H. W. S., Miss E. S. P., Mrs. J. K., and J. H. G.; \$42 from N. C. B. of M. C.; \$30 from Miss L. S. B., \$25 each from Mrs. G. H. H., C. U. C., E. W., Miss G. M. D., Miss C. P., and Miss M. E. A.; and \$20 each from Miss C. B. W., and H. C. R.

The Society has been remembered in the wills of Mrs. Mary T. Reed of Boston, and Miss Lucy S. Brewer of Boston.

The American Humane Education Society has received gifts of \$50 from a Rhode Island friend, and \$14.89 from Mrs. A. W. M.; and \$86.67, interest.

April 12, 1921.

#### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR MARCH

Hospital	Free Dispensary
Cases entered	393 Cases 509
Dogs	254 Dogs 332
Cats	83 Cats 162
Horses	52 Horses 10
Bird	1 Birds 3
Rabbits	3 Monkey 1
Operations	265 Rabbit 1
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15	21,709
Free Dispensary cases	25,822
Total	47,531

#### THE AFTERMATH OF THE GREAT WAR

EDW. FOX SAINSBURY

WHAT has become of the entrancing visions we were led to suppose would become realities when the strife was over? Statesmen and orators of all nations held us spellbound by the promises of a golden age; the future was painted in such alluring colors that the world suffered many hardships with a light heart because of the beautiful mirage of a glorious Utopia where peace once more reigned.

Today, after two years since war ceased, have any of the longed-for promises materialized? Not one. Think of the promise of a universal brotherhood of classes and nations. The list of unkept promises would fill many a page.

Instead of the promised Utopia, we are confronted with poverty, grinding, sordid poverty, and alas! starvation in many countries, poverty in all. The prosperous France of pre-war days finds it difficult to meet her huge indebtedness. Her heroic defense of the beloved Motherland, her willing sacrifices for the defense of the world's liberty as well as her own, has left her many difficult problems to solve. She is meeting them as she met the enemy, with courage and determination. Crime has naturally increased, morality has suffered a setback, the national light-heartedness has given place to a grim resolve to reconstruct her former prosperity.

American help and sympathy have been invaluable. England also has been most generous in aiding the farmers and small land owners to replenish their destroyed and stolen herds and flocks.

If France has suffered even more than Belgium, so have all the belligerents in like degree. England is in great financial difficulties. Tens of thousands of families suffer from poverty and many from semi-starvation, un-employment, and crushing taxes are sapping the life of our industries. Italy is in a parlous state of poverty, unrest, and widespread discontent. Austria is a broken country with its starving population and its vanished trade. Your own dear country is not exempt from post-war troubles. The whole world is suffering, even the neutrals of the Great War.

How few have ever pondered and taken to heart the wise words of a wise man: "All wars leave behind them three armies: an army of criminals, an army of paupers, and an army of cripples." Let us pray that Providence will in its mercy save the world from a recurrence of these disasters.

St. Leonards-on-Sea, England

#### THE CHINCHILLA IN PERU

IN view of the fact that it is desirable to conserve the species of useful wild animals in the Republic of Peru, and that the chinchilla is one of the animals whose extermination is threatened," reads a resolution recently passed by the government of Peru, "the hunting of these animals in the territory of the republic, as well as the sale of skins and articles made from them, is prohibited." In fact, the provisions of the decree of October 8, 1920, referring to the skins of the vicuña, apply also in the case of the chinchilla. Dealers who import skins made from this animal shall be obliged to certify as to their origin.

—New York Times



#### American Humane Education Society

Founded by George T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

#### FROM GOVERNOR BAXTER

STATE OF MAINE

OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR

AUGUSTA

March 31, 1921

Dr. Francis H. Rowley, President,  
Boston, Mass.

My dear Dr. Rowley:—

The work of the humane societies of the United States appeals to all kind-hearted people. I urge the people of Maine, and especially those of our churches and schools, to observe the week of April 11th to 17th as "Be Kind to Animals Week." I believe that a majority of our citizens are truly fond of animals and will respond to your call for aid in relieving the suffering and neglect to which our dumb friends are subjected. These defenseless creatures have been placed in our care and are entitled to justice and mercy at our hands. The world will be a better place in which to live when kindness shall have overcome cruelty and when man is just to the helpless whether they be human beings or dumb animals.

Cordially yours,

[Signed] PERCIVAL P. BAXTER,

Governor of Maine

#### HOME MISSIONARY WORK

INTERESTING glimpses of the important work of the Reverend F. Rivers Barnwell, colored representative of the American Humane Education Society in Texas, are shown in these paragraphs from a recent letter:

"At Temple, Professor Banks has organized the Dunbar Humane Education Society of Temple. They hope for systematic education work in the city. I was present with them and urged this sort of work. Programs will be carried out in the churches, and the local pastor will be asked to preach a special sermon to them. This will be enlightening to minister as well as to other citizens. They will sometimes invite white people to their churches to hear their view of humaneness.

"I told an audience of whites and Negroes at San Marcos that when white and black mothers alike would teach their children upon their laps to be kind and not to hate because one's skin happens to be white or black that conditions between the races would be better. I said, 'Begin before the child is born.'"



## ST. FRANCIS AND THE BIRDS

**T**HERE is an ancient story—  
I have read the quaint old words—  
Of how the blest St. Francis came  
And preached to the wayside birds.

Around his feet they gathered,  
Down dropped each little head;  
St. Francis made the sign of the Cross,  
And these were the words he said:

"Oh come, my friends, draw near me—  
Come every fluttering bird!  
For ye are my little sisters,  
Now hearken to God's Word."

## THE ANIMALS' PART IN THE MAN-CHILD'S DAY

LOUISE H. GUYOL

**T**HE Wood family was one of the nicest families that ever you could know. Children and animals all mixed up together. Celia Wood was the oldest little girl. She reminded you of Snow-White in the fairy tale. Sisterette was a snow-white mother cat, so dignified she made you think of a princess in disguise. Dan was a big Boy Scout and Don a big yellow dog. Wa-wa was a very dumpling of a lassie and We-we was a little fat black guinea-pig.

There were ever so many more children in the house and ever so many more animals, and they all loved each other very much. The children loved all the other animals in the world.

"You must love them," Mother Wood said, "because they are so good to you."

"Tell us about it, Mother," Wa-wa asked one morning when the boys and girls were dressing around the big open fire.

Mother pulled a nice warm little sock onto baby's foot.

"The sheep gave their coats to make this sock for baby," said Mother.

"And they gave their wool to keep me warm," added Dan, as his head came through the neck of a khaki-colored sweater.

"Your warm woolen underwear, too, came from the back of the sheep," Mother added.

"And all these buttons—" Celia, kneeling in front of Wa-wa, popped the shiny buttons of her little dress into the gaping buttonholes as she spoke—"all these buttons oysters gave us."

"O-o-o! Oysters!" Wa-wa gurgled with delight. "Oysters are soft, Celia; buttons, hard?"

Just then Sisterette, as though she knew what they were talking about, pushed a rough, gray oyster shell (it was her favorite plaything) across the floor. Celia picked it up and showed Wa-wa the inside. It was shiny pink and blue pearl, just like the buttons on her clothes.

"That's where the buttons come from," she explained.

"Who made your hair-ribbon?" cried Wa-wa, as Mother tied Celia's golden hair with a pale blue bow that was just the color of her eyes.

"A little caterpillar," Mother said.

"Oh, I know!" shouted Lawty, who loved the crawling creatures. "I've seen a caterpillar spin silk. It comes out of his mouth, and he spins it 'round and 'round and 'round his body."

"Cocoons," crowed little Wa-wa, who often went to walk with Lawty.

"Over in China," Mother said, "live the most of the caterpillars that spin our silk for us. We call them silk-worms."

There was a funny noise. Mother, looking down, saw one of Sisterette's kittens playing with the hair brush that had slipped to the floor. Mother picked up the hair brush and told the children that every bristle in it had been taken from the backs of pigs.

"And the best bristles come from pigs that live in Russia."

"Tell us about it, Mother."

But now it was breakfast time, so Mother told another story. She told about the milk and butter that cows had given to make little children strong. About the old hen who laid eggs for them, and the bees who made the honey.

"Where are all the bees now, do you suppose?" asked Lawty, looking out of the window.

Snow was falling heavily in great white flakes, and, as far as he could see, the road and walks were buried deep in snow.

"I guess we can't go to school," said he.

Just then there came a "Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!" through the air.

"It's the sleigh-bells on the snow-plow!" shouted Wa-wa.

Mother excused them all so that they could stand at the window and watch the snow-plow going by. 'Twas pulled by a big black horse, who nodded his head with every firm step.

"See him," said Mother, "how determined he looks! He's saying, 'I must get this clean for the boys and the girls. I must get this clean for the boys and the girls.'"

When the horse passed by the Wood house, Dan, with Don at his heels, ran out and gave him two lumps of sugar, and the old horse wiggled his ears. That was his way of saying, "Thank you, my dear, for thinking of me!"



HAPPY HOURS FOR CHILD AND PONY

## FIFTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT

For the Year Ending March 1, 1921

## I

## The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

**T**HAT we have held all the ground gained up to March, 1920, and, in addition, have pushed on to a still wider service, is our report for the year now closed. To have done this with the financial world traveling so rough a road, and with our members and friends called upon for so many other charities, we feel is to have done much. It has been at least our best.

**Directly for Animals**

There came into our offices during the twelve months 8,183 complaints, every one of which was carefully investigated. Some of these, consuming hours, perhaps a whole day's time to follow up, were found wholly groundless. A neighbor's spite, or an imaginary cruelty, often costs the Society a needless waste of time and money. These investigations involved the examination of 57,087 cattle, sheep, swine, and horses. At the stock-yards and abattoirs, where two men must be the greater part of two days each week, there were inspected, as they came in or went out of the yards, 769,979 animals. One thousand four hundred and eighteen horses were taken from work because of unfitness, and 1,055 humanely destroyed. We also mercifully ended the sufferings of 2,047 animals that came into the stock-yards injured or sick. There were prosecuted 320 violators of the anti-cruelty laws. Of this number all but 23 were convicted. At our watering stations through the summer months, 224,511 horses were watered.

**The Vacation Farm**

Our new buildings at the farm, situated in Methuen, some twenty-seven miles from Boston, were completed in October at a cost of something over \$40,000. Unfortunately, the price of labor and material was never so high as at the time when it seemed best for us to build. This large and special expense has been met, though it has been a severe tax upon our treasury. During the summer and winter more than fifty horses have shared the blessings of the farm, enjoying part of the time its large and well-shaded pastures, its green oats and corn, and in the winter its comfortable box stalls, nearly all of which have been occupied. Some of these boarders

are provided for by their owners; some are taken at greatly reduced rates; many are taken free. The farm, now that the buildings are paid for, will cost the Society for what it does there for horses about \$2,500 annually. Already we have an endowment for it of nearly \$18,000. We are hoping for enough more to make it finally self-supporting.

**The Women's Auxiliary**

A new and much appreciated ally has come to our support this year in the group of earnest women who organized themselves into an Auxiliary to aid particularly our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. By the Fair they held in December they cleared nearly \$3,000. The plans are now on foot for a Bazaar to be given next December, the 2nd and 3rd.

**A New Ambulance**

We put our new two-horse gasoline ambulance into commission last autumn. The increasing demand for ambulance service compelled the purchase of this vehicle, in which, when necessary, two horses can be transported. Its cost was almost \$5,000. How important this work is will be gathered from the fact that our horse ambulances made from March 1, 1920, to March 1, 1921, 576 trips. The small animal ambulance, 1,161 trips.

**The Hospital**

The Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, statistics about which will be found elsewhere in this report, has more than fulfilled the hopes of its founders. It has had more horses in its wards this past year than during any of the previous five years. Again and again it has had to refuse patients because all available space was occupied. Its free service rendered through the Free Dispensary amounted to \$7,896.21. The total deficit of the entire work of the Hospital for the year was \$10,404.71.

**Too Numerous to Mention**

A multitude of things have been done about which we shall not take the time or space to write. They have been, the most of them, noticed from month to month in our magazine.

Here are a few of them: The erection in the State House of the Memorial Tablet, dedicated to the animals whose lives were a part of the price paid for liberty in the great war; the crusade carried on against the cruelties of slaughter and those connected with the trapping of fur-bearing animals; help given foreign societies in need, through gifts of friends sending for this purpose; publicity and inspection connected with the 300-mile endurance race; the contest for humane legislation in the state legislature—pressing two bills, one for humaner methods in the slaughter of our food animals, and one for prohibiting the exhibition of trained animals; the Christmas Tree for Horses, set up in Post Office Square, and the most successful one we have ever had.

**Addresses**

The president and secretary have spoken many times during the year as occasion offered. At Omaha at the National Convention, at the Boston City Club, at Portland, Maine, at Augusta, Maine, before a legislative committee, at the Boston Normal School, the Boston Latin School, the Trade School for Girls, the High School of Commerce, the Boston Public Library, in various towns, and in Rhode Island.

**Finances**

Including bequests of \$46,686.29 our receipts were \$161,876.38. Our expenses were \$190,976.59. Here is a deficit of \$29,100.21. How did it come about? Twenty thousand eighty-six dollars fifty-five cents of it was money that completed the payments on the new farm buildings, and \$9,000 was spent for paper, bought for *Our Dumb Animals* at a bargain, and which will last well into this year. These two items tell the story. Though the gifts from members and donors were \$3,000 more than last year, excluding one special gift of \$15,000, and our bequests larger, we were compelled to borrow from our invested funds to meet our obligations.

To every friend, helper, and contributor, and to those who, no longer with us, still live in our memory by reason of their bequests, we are unflinching grateful.



THE VACATION FARM AT METHUEN IS A PARADISE FOR GUERNSEY CALVES



**Angell Memorial Animal Hospital**

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100

F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S.

*Chief Veterinarian*H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Resident Assistant*

D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.

HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent***FREE Dispensary for Animals**

Treatment for sick or injured animals.

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

**HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE YEAR  
ENDING MARCH 1, 1921**

Small animals treated .....	3,693
Large animals treated .....	490
Birds treated .....	33
Total number cases in hospital .....	4,216

**FREE Dispensary**

Small animals treated .....	5,505
Large animals treated .....	77
Birds treated .....	50
Treated by correspondence .....	98
Total number cases in Free Dispensary .....	5,632
Total animals and birds treated last year .....	9,848

**SUMMARY**

Cases in hospital since opening, March 1, 1915 .....	21,316
Cases in Free Dispensary since opening, March 1, 1915 .....	25,263
Total .....	46,579

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.

**SPECIMEN CASES OF PROSECUTIONS  
BY MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.**

In a severe case of horse-beating, the offender was fined \$100. Three months in jail was the sentence given to a man who struck his horse with a pick. In another beating case, a chain was used; the fine was \$30. Prodding with a stick cost a convicted driver \$25.

Working a horse suffering from gall-sores under the harness cost one offender \$50 in fines. For using a lame horse, a fine of \$30 was imposed upon the driver.

A stableman was prosecuted for letting horses to boys to be overdriven, and was fined \$10.

A mule was shot and wounded by the owner's neighbor, and the Court punished the offender by imposing a fine of \$25.

For underfeeding stock, the owner was fined \$50, and sent to jail for three months. Another such case resulted in a \$50 fine.

For beating cows, several offenders paid fines of \$10. A man tried to catch his cattle last fall by snaring, and one creature was strangled. The affair resulted in a Court case and a \$25 fine.

A conviction was secured for cruel transportation of calves, and a fine of \$75 imposed.

Failure to shelter pigs resulted in a fine of \$10.

There were two convictions for mutilating dogs. In one case, the defendant appealed a fine of \$50, and the Superior Court increased the fine imposed to \$65. A man was convicted and fined \$25 for throwing a dog from a window. Docking a dog's tail was punished by a fine of \$15. Cruel beating cost the offender \$25.

Two cases of cock-fighting were tried. In one, twenty-five men paid \$10 each, and two, \$15 each. In the other case, only two offenders were captured; they paid \$25 each.

Overcrowding fowl in crates cost a poultryman \$25. For cruelly killing a hen, a man was fined \$25, and \$4 damages. Failure to shelter hens resulted in the Court imposing a fine of \$15.

The Court fined a man \$10 for cruelly killing a cat. In another case, where a kitten was kicked and nearly killed, a \$50 fine was imposed. For throwing four kittens into a fire, the offender was fined \$10.

These are but specimen cases taken from a long list of prosecutions instituted by this Society during 1920.

The directions to all our prosecuting officers are that it is always better when possible to convert men from cruelty than to convict them in courts, and that the test of a Society's usefulness is not the number of its prosecutions, but the number of acts of cruelty it is able to prevent.

L. WILLARD WALKER,

*Chief Officer***SUMMARY OF WORK OF TRAVELING  
FIELD OFFICER**

Since starting, May, 1918

Miles traveled .....	39,868
Cases investigated .....	1,610
Animals inspected .....	52,450
Number of prosecutions .....	203
Number of convictions .....	186
Horses taken from work .....	308
Horses humanely destroyed .....	437

**TO OUR FRIENDS**

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other Society of a similar character.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated, but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

**FORM OF BEQUEST**

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, to the American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of ..... dollars, (or if other property, describe the property).

**EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL****An Annuity Plan**

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Charles G. Bancroft, president of the International Trust Company, Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject and will be glad to furnish all further details.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.



EMERGENCY WARD IN ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

## II

## The American Humane Education Society

THE results of the work of the American Humane Education Society, like those of the school and college, may not be summed up in mere figures. The number of miles of travel to reach the audience, the number of persons found ready to listen to the message, the number of copies of book or magazine printed and circulated—all these may tell something of the physical efforts put into the task and of the area of the field, but they cannot tell the harvest of the seed that has been sown in ever-growing human minds.

**Thousands of Miles of Travel**

So many good works in so many different directions—school and church and club and convention and press—have been accomplished by our field workers and organizers, that it seems impossible to mention any of the faithful servants of the Society without doing injustice to the others. One of them traveled over 18,000 miles to reach nearly 100,000 school children and adults with the gospel of kindness; another journeyed a greater number of miles to reach a much smaller audience; one had to spend days of time and energy in the effort to get permission even to visit schools in order to talk to the pupils; while, in another part of the country, our representative stirred up the Governor of a great state to regulate the offensive Wild West shows, which had become a disgrace to the community through the neglect of public officials. Thus it is: some communities remain so indifferent to our work that even the schools are not responsive without continuous knocking at the doors; others are quick to respond, even from the highest to the lowest official.

**Busy Press Bureaux**

The efficiency of our central press bureau is proved by the results seen in press clippings, which show how much editors appreciate this service. Over 25,000 pieces of literature, including press sheets and letters, went out during the year. There are now nearly 1,000 periodicals on the mailing list. Similar work, in a more limited field, is being done by our Western Humane Press Bureau in California.

**Jack London Club**

Membership in the Jack London Club, one of the society's most novel and far-reaching enterprises—its organized protest against the cruelties of training animals for stage performances—nearly doubled within the year, till now 178,750 persons, in all parts of the world, have indicated their desire to liberate animals from the torture of commercialized captivity. Local clubs, courageous newspapers, former animal trainers, and even theater managers are fast becoming identified with this movement, which no longer can properly be called an unpopular one.

**Band of Mercy**

Over 6,500 new branches of the Band of Mercy, each averaging thirty members, were reported during the year. There is no more encouraging sign than the enthusiasm with which the Band of Mercy plan is adopted in all parts of America and in many foreign lands. One school in New Orleans reported 800 members; a Catholic Band of 1,000 exists

in the Lady of Mercy Academy, Pittsburgh; the "Royal" Band of Burlingame, California, has become a power in the civic life of that community; a Band composed of members speaking six different languages was organized in Constantinople; a W. C. T. U. worker, who is responsible for a Band of thirty girls in the Wellesley High School, India, writes: "This work could be extended almost indefinitely in India if we had time and strength and supplies." Great credit is due Mrs. S. Canfield Wilson, of the Pennsylvania W. C. T. U., who has traveled extensively in that State and organized a very large number of Bands of Mercy.

**"The Bell of Atri"**

The latest venture of the Society, and the largest single item of expense, was the original production of the film, illustrating Longfellow's poem, "The Bell of Atri," which meets the demand, that we had long been unable to fill, for a high-class, educational moving picture that teaches kindness to animals. Several copies of the film have been sold, one to the Royal S. P. C. A. of London. The film is also rented at a nominal fee, and calls for its use are constantly coming from all directions. It has been used very effectively by our own field workers. We hope, soon, to be able to add other attractive films to this initial equipment.

**Be Kind to Animals Week**

Be Kind to Animals Week and Humane Sunday, endorsed last year by the Governor of Massachusetts, now Vice-President Coolidge, was even more successfully observed than on former occasions. The most striking features were our prize contests—one for the largest amount of press publicity, open to the entire country; and one for the best humane posters made by pupils of schools in Massachusetts. The week's exhibition of a selection of the thousands of school posters received, held at the Boston Public Library, attracted wide attention. The more general observance of Humane Sunday in the future seems assured by the action of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, which adopted humane education as an official department of its Board of Temperance and Moral Welfare, and will employ an executive to devote all his time to humane educational activities. During the year, also, the general executive board of the Protestant Episcopal Church was petitioned, by a resolution passed at the Synod of the Northwest, to adopt humane education as a part of its regular program of service.

**Demand for Literature**

In spite of the unprecedented costs of white paper and printing, the demand for our literature has been constant, both from those able to pay and from those who expect us to provide it gratuitously. We have felt that we could not afford not to meet these calls, although they have meant a very severe draft upon our funds. All of the principal books, pamphlets, cards, etc., have been kept on hand, and a number of new titles added. That the popularity of the Society's "best seller," "Black Beauty," continues, is shown by the necessity, early in the year, of a new

edition of 20,000 copies. The most significant of the new publications is "The Teacher's Helper in Humane Education," an attractive booklet of 32 pages with cover, compiled by the President of the Society to meet a very definite need for teachers who wish to give instruction in kindness to animals. Already this pamphlet is being introduced into schools of many States, and it is hoped that it will be officially adopted by school authorities generally. One order for 4,700 copies of it has come from South Africa. During the year our literature has been sent in quantities to Belgium, Constantinople, Damascus, India, the Philippines, and Bermuda, to mention but a few of the many distant points. The graduates of many normal schools, especially in the South, were the recipients of a variety of leaflets prepared for teachers. Many books, large and small, have been forwarded to deserving libraries and individuals. The Humane Calendar for 1921 was furnished to several Societies and to many appreciative persons.

**Our Dumb Animals**

We have spoken so often of *Our Dumb Animals* that it would seem unnecessary constantly to call attention to it, yet it is this monthly mouthpiece which carries our message of kindness to thousands of people in all parts of the world, who, otherwise, probably would never hear of our work. Recently Mr. Ernest Bell, the distinguished English writer, editor, and humanitarian, wrote of *Our Dumb Animals* as the "best animal paper." We certainly try to make it the most effective for animal protection, but in this we heartily welcome competition.

During the year the Society's receipts were \$15,391.48, and the payments \$27,907.73.

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

**OUR LACK OF HUMANITY**

HENRY SALT, the author of "Animals' Rights," in his new book, "Seventy Years among Savages," declares:

"Reformers of all classes must recognize that it is useless to preach peace by itself, or kindness to animals by itself. The cause of each and all of the evils that afflict the world is the same—the general lack of humanity, the lack of knowledge that all sentient life is akin, and that he who injures a fellow-being is, in fact, doing injury to himself. The prospects of a happier society are wrapped up in this despised and neglected truth, the very statement of which, at the present time, must (I know well) appear ridiculous to the accepted instructors of the people. . . . The one and only talisman is Love. Active work has to be done, but if it is to attain its end, it is in the spirit of love that it must be undertaken. . . . 'Boundless compassion for all living beings,' says Schopenhauer, 'is the surest and most certain guarantee of pure moral conduct, and needs no casuistry. Whoever is filled with it will surely injure no one and encroach on no one's rights. . . . Only when the great sense of the universal kinship has been realized among us will love cast out hatred and it will become impossible for the world to witness anew the senseless horrors that disgrace Europe today.'"

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**PLEDGE**

**I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.**

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See last page for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

**NEW BANDS OF MERCY**

Six hundred and forty-three new Bands of Mercy were reported in March. Of these, 217 were in schools of Rhode Island; 144 in schools of Virginia; 124 in schools of Connecticut; 67 in schools of Massachusetts; 53 in schools of Texas; 28 in schools of Georgia; four in Pennsylvania; two in Canada; and one each in Maine, Minnesota, Washington and California.

**Total number Bands of Mercy, 132,331**

**HERE'S A LIVE ONE**

MUNICIPAL UNIVERSITY OF AKRON

Akron, Ohio, Mar. 4, 1921

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:—

I note in your January number a statement of the death of an Angora cat at the age of nineteen and one-half years. It is not my desire to cast any aspersions on the dead. However, I wish to make you acquainted with the story of our "John Henry," just common cat. He is now nineteen years and eight months old, and still lively for his age, especially at meal-time. We raised this cat from a tiny kitten and have always had him in the family. There can be no doubt about his age.

We look upon him as a patriarch and would be pleased to know of other cats who have reached such venerable years.

Sincerely yours,

CHAS. BULGER

THE cat or kitten plays with the mouse not from innate cruelty, but for the sake of getting some little practice in the most important business of cat life. Only man, who has the capacity for nobler things, can be cruel for cruelty's sake.

C. LLOYD MORGAN



AN UNUSUAL MAY-BASKET

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## A LOVER OF GREYHOUNDS

SYDNEY RICHMOND TABER

AMONG the many splendid specimens of British manhood that fell in the Great War, there was one exceptionally picturesque and engaging personality, the Hon. Julian Grenfell. The eldest son of Lord Desborough, he was educated at Eton and Oxford, and then entered the Army. At the outbreak of the war he was with his regiment in South Africa, but hurried back to England, and on October 5, 1914, was sent to France. For an action of special heroism, he was decorated with the ribbon of the D. S. O. But his career of military gallantry was cut short by a wound which caused his death, at the age of twenty-seven, on May 26, 1915.

Literary ability of high order was one of his many gifts. Of a poem that he sent home from the trenches, it has been said: "For what he wrote of a kind of natural ecstasy in the upright soldier's heart, Julian Grenfell is among the most notable figures of an age at war. And in another way, he was a shining example of one of the great qualities the war has brought to light—that of filial love."

He was also passionately devoted to horses and dogs. In South Africa he had his greyhounds with him. He had always had a special love for these animals. He had owned them from the time when he was nineteen, when in an autumn in Scotland the whole family, after packing themselves into a small motor for excursions, would have the greyhounds poured on the top of them like water. He now wrote a poem, "To a Black Greyhound," of which this is part:—

*Shining black in the shining light,  
Inky black in the golden sun,  
Graceful as the swallow's flight,  
Light as swallow, winged one,  
Swift as driven hurricane,  
Double-sinewed stretch and spring,  
Muffled thud of flying feet—  
See the black dog galloping,  
Hear his wild foot-beat.*

*See him lie when the day is dead,  
Black curves curled on the boarded floor,  
Sleepy eyes, my sleepy-head—  
Eyes that were aflame before,  
Gentle now, they burn no more;  
Gentle now and softly warm,  
With the fire that made them bright  
Hidden—as when after storm  
Softly falls the night.*

THE obligations of man are not towards man alone. The lord of creation is the guardian of a whole creation. Opportunities are to be created for brutes and beasts and birds to progress within their own sphere. Make better cows of cows, better dogs of dogs, better crows of crows. Yoke them to your service, but mind they have an individuality. Better nourished and better brought up, they contribute better to the comfort of man. Elevated spiritually—for they, too, have a spirit—they will be our spiritual helpmates.

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For sale by the American Humane Education Society, and the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass., at these prices, postpaid. (Titles in bold-face are of books.)

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